

To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee on a Hurdle thither.
Out you greene sicknesse carrion, out you baggage,
You talow face.

Lady. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

Jul. Good Father, I beseech you on my knees
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.

Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, do not answere me.
My fingers itch, wife: we scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely Child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curse in hauing her:
Out on her Hilding.

Nur. God in heauen blesse her,
You are too blame my Lord to rate her so.

Fa. And why my Lady wisdome hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossip, go.

Nur. I speake no treason,

Fa. O Godigoden,
May not one speake?

Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,

Vtter your graurie, ore a Gossips boyles
For here we need it not.

La. You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:

Day, night, houre, ride, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, till my care hath bin

To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,

Offaire Demeanes, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,
Stuft as they say with Honourable parts,

Proportion'd as ones thought would with a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,

A whining mammet, in her Fortunes tender,
To answer, Ile not wed, I cannot Loue:

I am too young, I pray you pardon me,
But, and you will not wed, Ile pardon you.

Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vlc to left.

Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduise,
And you be mine, Ile giue you to my Friend:

And you be not, hang, beg, starue, die in the streets,
For by my soule, Ile nere acknowledge thee,

Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good:
Trust too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forsworne.

Exit.

Jul. Is there no pittie sitting in the Cloudes,
That sees into the bottome of my griefe?

O sweet my Mother, teach me not a way,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,

Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tybalts* lies.

Mo. Talk not to me, for Ile not speake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.

Exit.

Jul. O God!

O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My Husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,

How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vlesse that Husband send it from heauen?

By leaving earth? Comfort me, counsaile me,
Hlacke, alacke, that heauen should practise stratagemes,
Vpon so soft a substance as my selfe.

What saidst thou that thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort Nurse.

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Nur. Faith here it is,

Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs must be by Realth.

Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the Countie,
O he's a Louzly Gentleman:

Romeo a dish-clout to him: an Eagle Madam
Hath not so greene, so quicke, so faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, beshrow my very heart,
I thinke you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As liuing here and you no vse of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nur. And from my soule too,
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen.

Nur. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me maruelous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing displeas'd my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,

To make confession, and to be absolu'd.
Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.

Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend!
It is more sin to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue

Which she hath prais'd him with about compare,
So many thousand times? Go Countellor,
Thou and my bosom chenchforth shall be twaine;
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,

If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die.

Exit.

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thursday first the time is very short.

Par. My Father *Capulet* will haue it so,

And I am nothing slow to slack his haist.

Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies mind?

Par. Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,

And therefore haue I little talke of Loue,

For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares.

Now sir, her Father counsils dangerous

That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway:

And in his wisdom, haists our marriage,

To stop the inundation of her teares,

Which too much minded by her selfe alone,

May be put from her by societie.

Now doe you know the reason of this haist?

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

Looke sir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife.

Jul. That may be sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be Loue, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must befall be, on Thursday next?

Fri. That's a certaine text, on Thursday next.

Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confesse to you.

Par. Do not denie to him, that you Loue me.

Jul. I will confesse to you that I Loue him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure that you Loue me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,

Benig spoke behind your backe, then to your face.

Par. Poore soule, thy face is much abus'd with teares.

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Jul. The teares haue got small victorie by that:

For it was bad enough before their spight.

Pa. Thou wrong'st it more then teares with that report.

Jul. That is no slander sir, whi ch is a truth,

And what I spake, I spake it to thy face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.

Are you at leisure, Holy Father now,

Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?

Fri. My leisure serues me penfull daughter now.

My Lord you must intreat the time alone.

Par. Godsheild: I should disturbe Deuotion,

Jul. on Thursday early will I rowle yee.

Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse. *Exit Paris.*

Jul. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,

Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe.

Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy griefe,

It streames me past the compasse of my wits:

There thou must and nothing may prorogue it,

On Thursday next be married to this Countie.

Jul. Tell me not Frier that thou hearest of this,

Vlesse thou tell me how I may prevent it:

If thy wisdom, thou canst giue no helpe,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with his knife, Ile helpe it presently.

God ioynd my heart, and *Romeo*, thou our hands,

And ere this hand by thee to *Romeo* seal'd:

Shall be the Labell to another Deede,

Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,

Turne to another, this shall slay them both:

Therefore out of thy long experien't time,

Giue me some present counsell, or behold

Twixt my extremes and me, this bloody knife

Shall play the vmpere, arbitrating that,

Which the commission of thy yeares and art,

Could to no issue of true honour bring:

Be not so long to speake, I long to die.

If what thou speakest, speake not of remedie.

Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe spee a kind of hope,

Which craues as desperate an execution,

As that is desperate which we would prevent.

It rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*

Thou hast the strength of will to stay thy selfe,

Then is it likely thou wilt undertake

A thinglike death to chide away this shame,

That coap't with death himselfe, to scape fro it:

And if thou dar'st, Ile giue thee remedie.

Jul. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*,

From of the Battlements of any Tower,

Or walke in the euish waies, or bid me lurke

Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares

Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,

Orecovered quite with dead mens ratling bones,

With reekie shankes and yellow chappels sculls:

Or bid me go into a new made graue,

And hide me with a dead man in his graue;

Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,

And I will doe it without feare or doubt,

To line an vstained wife to my sweet Loue.

Fri. Hold then: goe home, be merrie, giue consent,

To marrie *Paris*: wensday is to morrow,

To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,

Lernot thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:

Take thou this Violl being then in bed,

And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,

When presently through all thy veines shall run,

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A cold and drowfie humour: for no pulse

Shall keepe his native progresse, but surcease:

No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liuest,

The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade

To many ashes, the eyes windowes fall

Like death when he shut vp the day of life:

Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment,

Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,

And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death

Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,

And then awake, as from a pleasant sleepe.

Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,

To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:

Then as the manner of our country is,

In thy best Robes vncouer'd on the Beere,

Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,

Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,

In the meane time against thou shalt awake,

Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,

And hither shall he come, and that very night

Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.

And thus shall free thee from this present shame,

If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,

Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of care.

Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous:

In this resolute, Ile send a Frier with speed